

P S

3525

I647V4

1914a

# Collected Verses.

By W. H. Mills.



Class PS3525

Book I 647 V4

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1914a

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









# VERSES

(OLD AND NEW)

BY

W. H. MILLS



Published by the BARNUM STATIONERY CO.

---

Printed by

CAUCH & STEWART

San Bernardino, California

(Copyright)

1914

PS 3525  
I647 V4  
1914a

~~100~~

JUL -6 1914

© Cl. A378029

no 1



new York 16 14

TO  
MY WIFE



### *Corrigenda.*

---

Page 3, line 12. For dissapp'inter read disap-  
p'inter.

Page 27, line 2. For Here read Hear.

“ 27, “ 9. Insert dash before that's.

“ 30, “ 2. For Princes read Princess.

“ 38, “ 13. For She is read She's.



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
An Elegy                   -           -           -	3
Moonlighters in Mexico                   -           -	6
Mezcal                   -           -           -	9
An Idyll           -           -           -           -	12
A Tragedy           -           -           -	16
Hints to Hired Girls                   -           -	18
On Mount Soracte           -           -	21
To the Fairest           -           -           -	23
Chiropody           -           -           -	24
Stript Down           -           -           -	26
Manyana           -           -           -	27
What He Said           -           -           -	29
Gardes Joyeuses                   -           -	30
Kinship           -           -           -	32
El Camino Real                   -           -	34
Achievement           -           -           -	37
California           -           -           -	39
Aurea Poma           -           -           -	42
El Mejicano           -           -           -	44
A Fair Land           -           -           -	46
Out West           -           -           -	48



*An Elegy.*

---

O California, land of gold  
And sunshine---so they name you---  
I wouldn't wish to be so bold,  
Or captious, as to blame you.

But just a little crow I've got  
To pluck with you at present  
Touching your temper, which has not  
Been altogether pleasant.

Some months ago we came this way  
To find a genial winter;  
You've been, I feel constrained to say,  
A bit of a dissapp'inter.

We wanted to escape the strain  
Of life as lived in Britain,  
Where one is well-nigh drowned by rain,  
Mostly, or else frost-bitten.

Your rainfall's right; indeed, perhaps,  
Some would prefer it bigger;  
But what of your snaps, and worse than snaps  
Of almost Arctic rigour?

Your temperature has often aimed  
At zero, and nearly hit it  
Once and again. Is that what's claimed  
For you? And shouldn't you quit it?

Think of the fruits that count you "home;"  
Think of your reputation;  
Think of the invalids, who come  
Here for recuperation.

How can you possibly expect  
Fine oranges and lemons,  
When, as you well might recollect,  
Frosts are to them as demons?



How can you help folk, whose disease  
Is lung-tuberculosis,  
When what you do is to make them sneeze,  
And cough, and blow their noses?

Well, you've been victim, one may bet,  
Of circumstance untoward;  
It isn't that you were in a pet,  
Or just perversely froward.

Shake yourself free from Jack Frost's grip,  
And pull yourself together;  
Have done with frosts, and winds that nip,  
And give us warmer weather.

Be, what you've been for many a year,  
The envy of all earth's nations;  
So shall you have our most sincere  
Thanks and congratulations.

January 11, 1913.

*Moonlighters in Mexico.*

---

Out of our camp one evening went,  
In Uncle's waggon, hunters four;  
It was their firm and fixed intent  
To shoot by moonlight ducks galore.

So to the ranch they came, and set  
Themselves, with helpers from the farm,  
To manage that the ducks should get  
It hot from them, or, leastwise, warm.

They figured to ambuscade each end,  
And side, in companies, of the land  
Where the ducks fed, and so to send  
Them, as it were, from hand to hand.

That was their plan of campaign, and, as  
They'd settled to do, they did; and oh!  
To see them a' buccaneering was  
A sight, as Uncle remarked, "By Joe."

It was crawling along the outer dykes---  
Uncle refused to report the words;  
It was shooting in volleys; then further hikes;  
It was scampering after wounded birds.

Four hours or so they tramped and shot;  
Retrieved their cripples, picked up their slain;  
Then waited until another lot  
Of birds came up; then shot again.

Whatever they didn't, or did, was right,  
So long as they shot in time; the duck  
Just simply flew at the guns that night.  
Bag---six score birds; how's that for luck?

I regret to state that the very same  
Strategy didn't succeed next night,  
For the birds refused to play the game  
As they played it first; they had grown too  
bright.

*ENVOI.*

There's that in the game, which seems to jar  
With one's sense of sport, when the thing's  
been done;

But the ducks are a pest, as locusts are,  
And what's to check it but man and gun?

What jars is not, I guess, the fact  
That so many birds are bagged---that goes;  
It's the thought of the wounded---the after act---  
The feast of the coyotes and crows.



*Mezcal.*

---

They sell Mezcal with bitters  
In Mexicali salons;  
It's not a drink for critters,  
Who take their grog by gallons.

At least it would betray them  
Into offence past measure;  
And then would promptly lay them  
Flat, to repent at leisure.

But take a bigggish thimble-  
ful of it, or, say, a couple,  
And it helps to make you nimble  
And slick and spry and supple.

For it seems to chase all achin',  
And stiffness, from your body,  
Especially if taken  
With hot water, as a toddy.

It's an excellent digestive  
For a bonvivant who gobbles;  
It's an excellent corrective  
Of chronic collywobbles.

It purges melancholy  
By acting on the liver;  
It warms and makes you jolly,  
When with a chill you shiver.

There are those who call it "Tiger's  
Milk;" that's an appellation  
Which should bring into court those niggers  
For character-defamation.

For the Century-Plant's its mother---  
Queen of all daffodillies;  
Or, if you take another  
Name, She's an Amaryllis.

And the thought of Amaryllis,  
As he quaffs this subtle nectar,  
Should make a man, who ill is,  
Spry as a rate-collector.

For it makes him feel all over  
As he was when he went a'courting;  
And he's ready to play the lover,  
Or settle a rival's snorting.

So go to Mexicali,  
And try Mezcal with bitters  
Homoeopathically,  
And you'll find yourselves new critters.



### *An Idyll.*

---

A lissom lass, and fair to view,  
She was; her eyes were bright as dew;  
Her hair hung waist-deep in a queue,  
As she went walking in the Zoo.

'Twas in that way then, I may state,  
Girls wore their hair; I think the date  
Was---tho' my memory fails of late---  
1868.

What was her age? Just seventeen---  
The age called sweet---and was never seen  
A sweeter lass than this, I ween,  
Upon this earth by mortal e'en.



Glum at her side young Colin stalked,  
Mourning ambitions mocked and baulked;  
But oh! she stepped, and oh! she talked,  
As in the Zoo that day she walked.

She talked of this, and talked of that;  
She asked him if he liked her hat;  
She said, as on a seat they sat,  
They now could have a cosy chat.

She wondered how he'd got the hump;  
She asked him why he was a grump;  
And---was there on her chin a bump?  
Phyllis had given it quite a thump.

All Colin's griefs fled far away,  
As on she chattered like a jay;  
He asked her hand, nor said she nay,  
All in the Zoo that summer day.

For, as to scan that bump he leant,  
He found her eyes on his were bent;  
And oh! thro' him a thrill they sent,  
That changed his woe to deep content.

Each gave to each a lock of hair;  
They kissed---each kiss was fair and square;  
Then they got wedded, happy pair!  
And in the Zoo still took the air.

O Amaryllis, fair and plump,  
You knew your chin possessed no bump;  
I only hope you got no chump  
In Colin, but a winning trump.

#### ENVOI.

This is the moral, I surmise,  
Of this short history; lads, be wise,  
And seek that in a lassie's eyes  
From which all fancied trouble flies.

Colin imagined himself, young fool,  
The sport of fate's tyrannic rule;  
But Amaryllis plumed his dule,  
And lessoned him in her own school.

He looked as if he wished to cry;  
He spoke as if he wished to die;  
And that, of course, was all "my eye,"  
Because there was no reason why.

To brisk him up was her first thought;  
Then for his sympathy she sought;  
Then, with those eyes of hers, she taught  
Him wisdom; thus the trick was wrought.



## *A Tragedy.*

---

Upon the sofa, side by side,  
We sat;  
My heart, I own it, all the time  
Went pit-a-pat.

Gently about her waist my arm  
I stole;  
I said, "You won't reveal this fact  
To any soul."

Then murmuring "Kiss and never tell,"  
We kissed;  
Whizz came a slipper at our heads;  
Thank heaven! it missed.

I had not noticed in his chair  
Her sire;  
He rose, and came at us, his face  
Bright-red with ire.

As to what happened next, my mind's  
A blank,  
Except that, thinking caution best,  
I took rear rank.

I don't know what it was that made  
Me fall;  
I've no idea what sped my flight  
Adown the hall.

I cannot tell, not even now,  
A bit,  
Why it has ever since been pain  
To me to sit.

One thing alone I know, and that  
Is this---  
I never from that maiden got  
Another kiss.

## *Hints to Hired Girls.*

---

We live and learn. I learnt one day  
A most convenient phrase,  
Which deprecates and checks, to say  
The least, terms of dispraise.  
If you have shattered aught and fear  
Blame, as a clumsy lout,  
To make your innocence quite clear  
Just say---"I've worn it out."

It happened thus. I'd given our maid  
An excellent fly-swatter;  
"Flies make it hot for us," I said;  
"Make it for them still hotter."  
She eyed a bug, and aimed a stroke  
With murderous intent;  
She missed the beast, but promptly broke  
In twain the implement.

She said, when she returned the bits,  
    "I've hit with this, without  
Boasting, at least a thousand hits;  
    And, see, I've worn it out."  
She'd really only used it once;  
    Had tried one single try;  
She'd broken it just because the dunce  
    Had struck her stroke awry.

So, if you've been unfortunate,  
    And broken something nice---  
A china bowl or mug or plate---  
    A thing beyond all price---  
Don't say---"It busted of itself;"  
    Don't say---"The cat, no doubt,  
Was trying to walk along the shelf;"  
    But say---"I've worn it out."

Or say you've dropped a match aflame  
    On the best table-cloth,  
And see no chance of laying the blame  
    On earwig or on moth;  
Scrub it with scrubbing brushes, till  
    It's like a ragged clout;  
Then let folks bluster as they will,  
    And say---"I've worn it out."

Lastly, when all the furniture  
Is smashed; when the whole place  
Is wrecked and ruined; then be sure  
That you still save your face.  
Don't worry; make no fuss of it;  
Don't storm and rave and shout;  
Just say---"Well, Mem, I'm going to quit;  
You've worn my patience out."





*On Mount Soracte.*

---

Written for a Druidical function.

O Tau-Bel-Hesus, as before  
    This karn, your local shrine,  
We stand, as Druids wont of yore,  
    We make our mystic sign.

We offer too of mistletoe  
    A spray, by way of sample;  
We want the rest ourselves, and so  
    We hope you'll think this ample.

And on your altar, see, we light  
    An emblematic fire,  
Not simply as a pretty sight---  
    A thing for to admire.

Nor does it flame, as once it would  
Have flamed, to make a pyre;  
Its object is to speak of good  
Purpose, and high desire.

We burn no human victims now,  
Nor eat them when they're torrid;  
Our laws such customs disallow---  
In fact we think them horrid.

The fires we kindle symbolize  
Truth, purity, devotion;  
And Tau-Bel-Hesus, if you're wise,  
You will accept this notion.



## *To the Fairest.*

---

Written on the occasion of a fancy-dress ball, at which a prize, to be awarded by the votes of the assembly, was offered for the most effective costume.

Fisher-maid and flower-girl---  
Each in her own way a pearl:  
Sparkling witch and nun demure---  
Sights that sore eyes well might cure:  
Paris, your old trouble yet  
Rises up our hearts to fret;  
How can one of these be best?  
Which is better than the rest?

## *Chiropody.*

---

A chiropodist, in the strictly literal sense of the word,  
is a person who causes feet to be chapped or cracked.

I met a chiropodist,  
And said to him---"What's your game?"  
He winked, and answered---"Whist!"  
My job is to make folk lame.

"I tickle their feet, you see,  
Till they use strong words, and kick;  
And they mostly kick---not me,  
But---my chair, for I'm pretty slick.

"Then I charge each gent ten plunks  
For breaking my furniture;  
He pays it, and off he bunks  
To hunt up another cure."

"And what of their bunions?" "O,  
They must get a C. M.'s advice;  
My job is to make them so  
Lame that they can't kick twice.

"For I must live up, you bet,  
To my title's connotations;  
But I'm not perticklar set  
On counter-demonstrations."



## *Stript Down.*

---

They christened him John, Constantine,  
Gustavus, Arthur, Valentine,  
Cadwallader, Sebastian,  
Guy, Clarence, Maximilian.

Her Christian names were Eleanor,  
Augusta, Cicely, Honor,  
Eunice, Laura, Geraldine,  
Penelope, Evangeline.

Now John, et cetera, day by day  
Woood Eleanor, et cetera;  
What did they call each other? Well  
She called him "Jack:" he called her "Nell."

So they got wed, and children came  
To keep alive their race and name.  
What fore-names did these kiddies get?  
O, Jack and Nell and Tom and Bet.

*Mañana.*

---

A mystic word there is that I  
Here whensoever I would try  
To rouse slack souls to energy---  
Manyana.

It means just laziness, I fear;  
At all events I never hear  
It, when I offer them a clear  
Habana.

Do-nothingness that's what it is:  
A craving for the sluggard's bliss---  
The sluggard's, for it comes to this,  
Nirvana.

You need, I guess, you lazy crocks,  
Some of Dame Fortune's nasty knocks,  
Or shocks like those set forth in Box-  
iana.

Next time you're after your Nirvana,  
I'll lesson you in Boxiana,  
And promise you a clear Habana  
Manyana.





### *What He Said.*

---

Tell me, tell me fair Eileen,  
Will you, will you be my Queen?

Don't say---"O this is so sudden;"  
Long my love has been a'buddin'.

Don't say---"Talk of something else;"  
This all other talk excels.

Don't say---"Have you quantum suff?"  
Trust me, we shall have enough.

Don't say---"You must ask my mother;"  
That would mean a lot of bother.

Don't say---"You must ask my father;"  
That would mean---well, I'd much rather  
That you would yourself, Eileen,  
Tell me that you'll be my Queen.

*Gardes Joyeuses.*

---

We built joy-castles on the sand,  
As Prince and Princes of our land,  
    And warders of her shores;  
We'd hardly come to our full growth  
In those far days; in fact we both  
    Wore frocks and pinafores.

I'm building castles still, but they  
Are in the air as yet, and may  
    Remain a dream-creation;  
She, only she, can bid them take  
Shape, for I build them for her sake,  
    And for her approbation.

Will she? I'm waiting yet awhile  
Until I've amassed a sufficient pile  
    For a castle in miniature;  
And then I'll be off to my lass, I guess,  
And ask her to rule it as its Princess  
    So long as our lives endure.



## *Kinship.*

---

Stand by your own; stand by  
Your kith and kin;  
Stand by the family,  
Thro' thick and thin;  
Stand up for its good name;  
It's your name too;  
Never let taint of shame  
Hurt it thro' you.

If fortune seems to frown,  
And things go ill  
With them, stand by your own;  
Hold to them still.  
Keep kinship's claim in mind,  
Remembering  
This---that "akin" and "kind"  
Mean the same thing.

You may not turn your face  
From any soul  
That needs and asks your grace---  
Your pity's dole.  
To flout such were a sin,  
But the blood-call---  
The cry of kith and kin---  
Ranks first of all.

Traitors, who love a lie,  
For profit's sake  
Break other ties; this tie  
They cannot break.  
Nothing, All Nature saith,  
Snaps the blood-bond;  
It holds thro' life to death,  
Aye, and beyond.

### *El Camino Real.*

---

As erst Saint Paul went forth to claim  
The kingdoms of the world for Christ,  
So Fra Junipero Serra came  
To be this land's evangelist.

Never was truer Saint of all  
The souls who that high name have won;  
His was the courage of Saint Paul;  
His was the spirit of Saint John.

He opened out the "King's Highway,"  
The aim of his imaginings  
Being that it should be for aye  
A Highway of the King of kings:

No common road, tho' all might fare  
    Along it, but a road whereby  
The messengers of peace might bear  
    Their message and their ministry.

From South to North the stations rose,  
    Which marked the track of that highway;  
Each held aloft the Cross which shows  
    God's truth, God's love, God's conquering  
        sway.

And Indians, won from their fierce creeds,  
    Learnt to obey the law of Christ;  
Its Gospel satisfied their needs;  
    They tested it, and it sufficed.

So "El Camino Real" came  
    To be a royal road indeed;  
It realized Junipero's aim,  
    And is of his eternal meed.

For, consecrate by him, it was  
A very "Way of Holiness"---  
A way by which freed souls might pass  
Zionward thro' earth's wilderness.





## *Achievement.*

---

A SETTLER'S SONG.

She's coming to me  
Across the sea---  
The lass that I left in the old countree;  
She's coming to bear  
My name, and share  
My life, my every joy and care.

For her dear sake  
I came to make  
A home in this waste of brush and brake;  
And my task, I trow,  
Is accomplished now,  
For my land's all watered and under plough.

The crops of a year  
Have set me clear  
To build a house that will please my dear;  
And, now that she  
Can come by sea  
Right thro', she's coming, my lass, to me.

O bless the man  
Out of whose brain-pan  
Came the thought of wells Artesian,  
And the scientific  
Souls, whose magnific  
Work linked the Atlantic and Pacific.

She is coming to me  
Across the sea---  
The lass that I left in the old countree;  
She's coming to bear  
My name, and share  
My life, my every joy and care.

## *California.*

---

*Sung at the National Orange Show, San Bernardino,  
1914.*

Of all the countries, which romance  
Has pictured as earth's hope and pride,  
These three, I think---Spain, England, France---  
Stand in the front rank, side by side.  
England the merry, France the fair,  
Spain, the adventurous knightly land---  
These fill the picture; yes, but where  
Does sunny California stand?

Refrain.

O land of fruits and flowers:  
O land, which nature dowers  
With all her wealth of loveliness, with all her  
braveries:  
We sound abroad thy praise  
With music and with lays,  
Which show thee, what thou surely art, an earth-  
ly paradise.

They knew her not---the minstrel-men,  
    Who, in the mid-age of our earth,  
Chaunted their rhapsodies; for then  
    She had not come to her full birth.  
But as for mirth---what gramarye  
    Her sunshine gladness could enhance?  
Is she not fair as fair can be?  
    Is she not home of true romance?  
Refrain.

This is the land men wont to call  
    Atlantis---an ideal Isle,  
Whereon the sun at evenfall  
    Smiled, as he set, his farewell smile---  
The land which, in a later day,  
    Padre Junipero Serra trod,  
What time he built "The King's Highway,"  
    And consecrated it to God.  
Refrain.

England is merry now no more;  
    Her heart is rent by jealousies;  
France is no longer, as of yore,  
    Fairest of all earth's emperies.  
And as for Spain---what now remains  
    Of her martial fame, of her old renown?  
But California still retains  
Her pride of place as nature's crown.  
Refrain.

*Aurea Poma.*

---

In days of old, so ran the tale,  
Far out at sea, toward the West,  
Lay isles, untouched by frost or gale,  
Fair as the Islands of the Blest.  
Upon these isles grew apple trees,  
Whose fruit was golden to the eye,  
Safeguarded by the Hesperides,  
And a grim dragon, couched anigh.  
Refrain.

O golden apples of the past,  
What were ye but a dim forecast  
Of golden oranges?  
What were those isles but prophecies  
Of California's sunny skies,  
And sunlit groves and leas?

Whatever crops those islands bare  
    On Californian soil are grown;  
Her citrus-fruits will stand compare  
    With that famed fruit, and hold their own.  
And California bears them, not  
    To please one jealous owner's sight,  
But for the world to use, and what  
    She seeks is the whole world's delight.

Refrain.

No cruel dragon has its lair  
    Among her groves, to scare or slay;  
Not even rattlesnakes lurk where  
    Her orange-trees make their display.  
Her nymphs, like the Hesperides,  
    Are daughters of the golden West,  
But what they guard is not her trees,  
    But hearts of those they love the best.

Refrain.

*El Mejicano.*

---

The Mexican, if I'm not wrong,  
Is just a rum 'un;  
I know no rummier soul among  
Men born of woman.

As parodist he is, past doubt,  
Of all men aptest;  
He calls a pot-house the "hang-out  
Of John the Baptist."

Or, seeing in it a milder grace,  
The name he'll vary,  
And christen it the "resting place  
Of holy Mary."

All sacred names find place in his  
Vocabulary;  
Of using them for emphasis  
He's nowise chary.



Yes, but this habit is, it seems,  
Just superstition;  
That using them thus he blasphemes  
He's no suspicion.

One thing above all others suits  
His constitution,  
And that is, whether he fights or loots,  
A revolution.

Pulque, maybe, prompts some of his  
Extravagances,  
For, taken in bulk, it stirs, ywis,  
Eccentric fancies.

He's half an Aztec still at heart---  
That's the real bother;  
And which half is the stronger part---  
Well, ask another.

Wherefore I say, nor think I'm wrong,  
That he's a rum 'un;  
I know no rummier soul among  
Men born of woman.

## *A Fair Land.*

---

This is the fabled region where  
The Hyperboreans lived out West---  
An Eden, ever bright and fair,  
Which great Apollo ruled and blest.  
It is the garden, named of old  
"The garden of the Hesperides,"  
Whose golden Avalon foretold  
Our groves of golden oranges.

What shall we call her? Arcady?  
The Country of the Golden Gate?  
The Land, above all lands that be,  
Of Heart's Desire? The Golden State?  
No matter. Titles such as these  
All shadow forth her grace and fame;  
Yet count that, call her what you please,  
What spells romance best spells her name.

Romance? Aye, realized romance:  
Fulfilments of hope's prophecies:  
Ideals, thro' the clairvoyance  
Of one seer, made realities---  
That is the story of our land.  
Pray Heaven that, where great Serra led,  
We may not fear to follow, and  
Tread where his footprints bid us tread.



### *Out West.*

---

"Out West" they say. All right; but out of what?  
Out of what's called "High Life?" Way out beyond  
The gay world's pomps and pleasures and what not:  
The Vanity Fair of fashion: the beau monde?

Well, yes; we are outsiders, more or less,  
Thus far; with us Dame Fashion's not a-top;  
That doesn't trouble us a lot, I guess;  
We'd sooner have a cow-boy than a fop.

But, all the same, in these far distant parts  
We're fairly civilized upon the whole;  
We have our share, I think, of honest hearts---  
Of souls who look past dollars for their goal.

We're not illiterates; if folk are short  
Of books, that want is even now supplied.  
The Arts and Sciences hold constant Court  
Among us, and are honoured far and wide.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul"  
Enter our social feasts, and give them zest;  
Our sympathies reach out from pole to pole;  
We're not parochial sectaries "Out West."

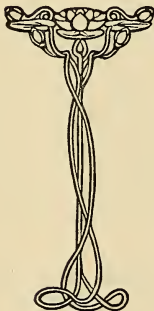
We've windbags, grafters, grubbers; yes, a few;  
More than we know perhaps; more than we want;  
But look the wide world over, and, if you  
Can tell us where there aren't such souls, we can't.

And as for climate, as for fruits and flowers---  
Well, of these things we're not inclined to boast;  
But when the States "Back East" can better ours,  
Then we'll make tracks for the Atlantic coast.

Meantime we've lots to think of and to do;  
Our work's cut out for us from day to day;  
We have our play times, and we use them too;  
In short we're here, and here we mean to stay.



# *Eulalia.*



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

---

Printed by CAUCH & STEWART  
SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

---

(Copyright)

1914

## *Eulalia.*

---

"Sweet-heart" they call her, when we meet  
Our men-friends sauntering down the street;  
"We" means Eulalia and myself;  
I'm an old fellow; she's an elf.

Refrain.

"Sweet-heart," "Sweetheart," they gaily cry,  
And then they smile and wave good-bye;  
That's now; but, I guess, some day  
'Twill be---not a smile and a waved good-bye,  
But---"Sweet-heart, love me or I die,"  
For that's what they mostly say.

It doesn't move her much as yet---  
That word "Sweetheart;" her thoughts are set  
On other matters, such as toys,  
And dolls that mimic baby-boys.  
Refrain.



She's two years old, and so, you see,  
Has no care yet for galantries,  
No use for a lover's vows; and yet  
She's a bit, I reckon, of a coquette.  
Refrain.

Natheless she keeps a special place  
In her heart of hearts, and a special grace,  
For daddy, and mummy, and grandmamma,  
Aye, and for me---her grandpapa.  
Refrain.

William Hathorn Mills.





# VERSES

BY

W. H. MILLS



Published by BARNUM STATIONERY CO.

Printed by CAUCH & STEWART, San Bernardino. Cal.

(Copyright)

1914



## *Contents.*

---

	PAGE
The Golden West - - - -	1
A Great Franciscan - - - -	3
San Bernardino - - - -	7
San Buenaventura - - - -	10
Los Angeles - - - -	13
Camping Out - - - -	15
Camp-Followers - - - -	21
An Imp - - - -	23
Moon-Lighting in Mexico - - -	28
Dogged - - - -	30
Vnitas Vnitatum - - - -	33
Pax Parata - - - -	35



## *The Golden West.*

---

The isle that to Montalvo seemed  
Half faery, half Elysian,  
What time he wrote, and writing dreamed,  
Las Sergas de Esplandian---

This, less all freaks of phantasy,  
Less fables born to die away,  
A dream-land made reality,  
Our California is to-day.

All sorts of fruits it freely bears  
In groves, thick-laden as Christmas trees---  
Oranges, lemons, apples, pears,  
Apricots, peaches,---what you please.

Elsewhere it is as a garden-field  
Of flowers, asparagus, beet, tomatoes;  
Its very deserts, watered, yield  
Alfalfa, melons, dates, potatoes.

"A land of corn and wine and oil"---  
That is what Canaan was of old;  
All this our Californian soil  
Is; you may add its herds and gold.

For it's also a land of ranches, where  
Cattle and horses are bred and fed;  
It's also a land, where miners tear  
The golden ore from its native bed.

But its best possession, its best asset,  
Is the gold that ripens the fruits it bears---  
The sunshine-gold, which all may get,  
For it's lavished on all in equal shares.

There are those who call it "the Land of Heart's  
Desire"---a present Utopia;  
Those, who have studied the ancient arts,  
Might call it a Cornucopia.

Others have named it "the Golden Land"---  
An El Dorado realized;  
But its minerals bring less gold to hand  
Than the fields its rivers have fertilized.



Call it whatever you will, it is  
The pick of the earth—a paradise,  
With certain eccentricities,  
Of fruitful fields and smiling skies.

It isn't perfect; that's confest;  
Eden itself with a snake was curst;  
But, spite of rattlers, and of that pest,  
Culex, of all lands it's the first.



*A Great Franciscan.*

---

Fray Junipero Serra, we,  
Pondering your life-history,  
Bare our heads to your memory.

Truly yours was a beautiful soul;  
Truly yours was a lofty goal;  
Truly your life was a perfect whole.

As a valiant soldier of Christ, you bore  
The brunt of the battle that won this shore,  
And we hail you its true Conquistador.

Si monumentum quaeritis,  
Strangers, who visit this land, it is  
All round about you and it's just this:—

A land from heathen savageries  
Redeemed by uplifting enterprise,  
And made a fruitful paradise.

It's all an issue of what he wrought:  
A realization of what he sought:  
A fruit of the lessons he lived and taught.

For he was the first evangelist  
Who brought to this land the Name of Christ—  
Aye, and its first agriculturist.

He taught the natives the arts of peace;  
He made their abominations cease;  
He changed their deserts to tilths and leas.

Weary often he must have been  
In body—aye, and in soul, I ween,  
But his heart was great, and his faith serene.

And so the dreams of his youth came true;  
For the Indians loved him—believed him too,  
And did whatever he bade them do.

Won by his influence they became  
Christians—disciples, whose lifelong aim  
Was to live lives worthy of their new name.

And the mission stations he founded here,  
Tho' ruined now, are a witness clear  
Of his work, and make his memory dear.

Aye, and of sacrilege they indict  
Those who afterwards did despite  
To his order, as reckoning Might was Right.

Fray Junipero, loyal son  
Of the Faith, I think, when your race was run,  
You heard your Master's—"Well done: Well done."



## *San Bernardino.*

---

About us tower, a vision grand!

San Bernardino's peak and range;  
Like giant walls they seem to stand  
Changeless, yet monuments of change.

'Twas in the tertiary age,  
When seismic forces shook the earth,  
And stamped their record on this page  
Of Nature's book, that they took birth.

Eras have passed since then; yet still  
Earth-tremors now and again may shake  
Their calm, as when they felt the thrill  
Of San Francisco's awful quake.

It thrilled them—yes, but in no wise  
Disturbed their steadfast constancy;  
It thrilled them—yes, but still they rise  
Unmoved, in their solemn majesty.

Snow-crowned, magnificent, serene,  
They seem to meet and pierce the skies—  
A sheltering rampart, and a screen  
From the chill North's discourtesies.

It's thanks to them that the valley teems  
With flowers and fruits, with corn and oil;  
For the waters, caught from their springs and streams,  
Make runnels to irrigate the soil.

What's in a name? Well, names there are,  
The sound of which, as a trumpet-call,  
Summons to fight for the right, and dare  
All for its sake, tho' the heavens fall.

Aye, dare whatever a man may do,  
Or bear—as erst the Apostle Paul,  
de Xavier, Damien, dared, what tho'  
To do what they did was to lose their all:

All, that is, that the world counts good—  
Its ease, its pleasures, its luxuries;  
All that our natural tempers would  
Choose as a heritage and prize.

That was the way of the friars, who came  
Hither a hundred years ago;  
That was the way of the Saint, whose name  
They set on the hills, and the vale below.

It's just the way of the Cross—the way  
Of self-denial for others' sake—  
The way, whatever the world may say,  
All of us always are called to take.

So we dwell in the midst of memories,  
As well as amid fair scenes of beauty—  
Memories calling to high emprise,  
And steadfast effort to do our duty.

San Bernardino, here's to your health;  
Here's to your growth, and prosperity;  
And we wish you, what is the truest wealth,  
Courage and faith in your destiny.

*San Buenaventura.*

---

Ventura, they who lately clipt  
Your name, and "San Buena" skipt,  
Into a blunder surely slipt.

What's in a name? There's this—a claim  
That they, who bear a noble name,  
Should live lives worthy of its fame.

San Bernardino clipt, it's true,  
Saves breath, but then it loses too  
All inspiration as Berdoo.

Fortune may be or good or ill,  
And, seeming good, may but fulfil  
The mockeries of an evil will.

Success may be too dearly bought,  
And fortune's gifts, if wrongly sought,  
And wrongly won, are things of naught.



So "San Buena" seems to say,  
Seek fortune in a righteous way,  
As in Junipero's earthly day:

Who gave this place in days of yore  
The name a Christian saint once bore,  
To christen it for evermore.

Therefore, Venturans, don't forget  
The prefix which of old was set  
Before your name, and should be yet.

Let memories of your ancient name  
Move you to make your every aim  
Such as Junipero would acclaim.

Your Mission Churches stand to teach  
What faith and duty mean, and preach  
Christ unto all within their reach.

Long may they serve their ministry;  
Long may the Cross, which stands on high,  
Lesson you how to live and die.

A beacon for the ships at sea,  
A beacon may it also be  
Signalling souls—"Come unto ME."

Fair are your mountains, fair your sea;  
Your fruits and flowers are fair to see;  
Aye, all is fair as fair can be.

Let these reflections of God's grace  
Move you to run your earthly race  
As souls who long to see His Face.



## *Los Angeles.*

---

Los Angeles, the angels' town!  
What if an angel-host came down  
    To visit their own city?  
What would their thoughts be? Thoughts of glad  
Emotion, or reflections sad  
    Of sorrow and of pity?

Some things they surely would approve  
As tokens of unselfish love  
    At work for human weal—  
Your hospitals, your libraries,  
Museum, parks, academies,  
    Your Churches' holy zeal.

But are there not, your bounds within,  
Abodes of vice, foul haunts of sin,  
    Which shame your high estate?  
Are there not crimes and infamies  
Practised by brutes in human guise—  
    Things such as angels hate?

O Angelenos, let your aim  
Be to live worthy of the name—  
The holy name—you bear;  
So shall the angels help and guide  
And keep you, whatsoe'er betide,  
For ever in their care.



## *Camping Out.*

---

After the ducks in Mexico—

The ducks that eat the corn that's sown  
For men and beasts and fowls—we go  
Hither and thither, up and down.

Where irrigated fields lie damp,

By swamps and pools and slues galore,  
Along the broad lagoon, we tramp,  
And shoot at them with number four.

Sometimes we miss them, sometimes fail

To find them on our morning beat;  
When this is so, there are the quail—  
And quail are excellent to eat.

Some of us, now the moon is bright,

Where on the fields shed corn lies thick,  
Have hunted feeding ducks by night;  
And this has often done the trick.

One day we clomb volcanic slopes,  
To where the Colorado's flood  
Has made irruption, with high hopes—  
Hopes that were all nipped in the bud.

For other folks had pitched their camp  
Before us, 'neath the crater's scaur—  
Some inconsiderate and pamp-  
ered souls, who owned a motor-car.

Their empty bottles, cast away,  
Showed they had feasted; and, worse luck!  
Their empty shells were proofs that they  
Had killed or scattered all the duck.

One solitary diver died  
Before one hunter's gun; it cost  
Six shots to kill it; nought beside  
Came to our bag; 'twas labour lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

They've gone---those energetic souls,  
Who camped with us in our first kraal;  
And, since that shack upon the whole's  
Dismal, I've moved to an old corral.

And here with Uncle Hick O'Neal,  
As guide and cook and comrade too,  
I live a gypsy life, and feel  
Fit as a flea, or kangaroo.

The days are hot; the nights are cold;  
The contrasts, I'll allow, aren't nice;  
We're scorched at noon; our buckets hold  
Each morn an inch of solid ice.

Yet, couched at night beneath a pile  
Of rugs, I'm warm, to my surprise;  
And oh! the sunshine's like a smile  
Against the frown of English skies.

All winter through, in this fair clime,  
You can camp out, and have no fear;  
For it isn't till spring, or summer, time  
That snakes, mosquitoes, rains appear.

We never worry, never haste  
To catch a train here; by the way,  
One only train runs through this waste,  
And it runs only once a day.

A waggon drawn by two old mules,  
Takes us about; they never trot;  
To bustle themselves would break their rules,  
I take it, and it's far too hot.

We live from hand to mouth, 'tis true;  
Yet for our needs we have enough;  
Birds, bacon, coffee—Mezcal too—  
With cheese and cakes, are quantum suff.

As for Mezcal, it has, ywis,  
A tang of its own, likewise a smell;  
Yet, after all, there's a certain bliss  
In drinking essence of asphodel.

For amaranth and asphodel  
Are, as the poets sing, the flowers  
Which deck the Elysian fields, where dwell  
The blest, and beautify their bowers.

It's all a poets' tale, you say;  
Maybe; and yet there's a sort of spell  
In the thought, which helps to chase away  
One's first distrust of that tang and smell.



It's fifty cents a bottle; there  
Is a better sort, but for this you give—  
That is, if you're a millionaire—  
One dollar, or one twenty-five.

We couldn't run to that fearsome price;  
Moreover—this augments its merit  
For vagabonds—Mezcal goes twice  
As far as the more expensive spirit.

Visitors come to us, now and then—  
Motorists from Calxico,  
Mexicans, Indians, Chinamen,  
Britishers—passers who come and go.

We feed the hungry; their appetites  
Are often big; give thirsty peds  
Drinks; for the Chinese Uncle writes  
Letters, and finds them sacks for beds.

And so we potter along; at times  
We shoot, bring logs in, do our chores;  
At times I write these doggrel rhymes,  
While 'neath a mezquite Uncle snores.

That's how at present we're taking rest;  
That's how we're making holiday;  
You can't well beat it; it's quite the best  
Medicine I know. Here ends this lay.



## *Camp-Followers.*

---

Road-runners three our camp frequent,  
And eat up all our odds and ends;  
They look on us, I guess, as sent  
By Providence to be their friends.

Fragments of bread and cheese and fruit:  
What we don't want of quail and duck:  
Such things as these all seem to suit  
Their taste; they take them as pot-luck.

One visitor we had complained  
He'd left one night at his tent-door  
A dozen eggs; next morn remained  
Twelve empty egg-shells—nothing more.

Road-runners had surveyed the show;  
Had found his eggs, and sucked the lot;  
This aggravated him, and so  
He finished their career with shot.

He'd not forgiven them; as for me,  
Who have no new-laid eggs at stake,  
Birds that eat rattlesnakes are free  
To take whatever they can take.

They're having carousals now around  
The chair whereon I sit and smoke;  
One's not two yards away; he's found  
I'm not an inimical bloke.

He lifts and lowers his nodding crest;  
His tail wags ceaselessly; I think  
He's really doing his very best  
To perpetrate a friendly wink.

Ah! in a moment he has gone;  
He has a feud, which nought can staunch,  
With passing motor-cars, and one  
Is hurrying up toward the ranch.

*An Imp.*

---

The little chipmunk  
Is full of spunk,  
And it takes a lot to skeer him;  
Yet he's also wary,  
And somewhat chary  
Of letting you get too near him.

But, all the same,  
He soon gets tame,  
Especially if you feed him;  
He'll sit on your foot,  
As on a tree-root,  
Or stump, if you don't stampede him.

It isn't funk  
When he makes a bunk,  
But he takes no needless chances;  
He's pert and spry,  
Or still and shy,  
According to circumstances.

He burrows a hole—  
This wily soul—  
In the ground, and there takes shelter;  
Or, if need be,  
Streaks up a tree  
With his family, helter-skelter.

He sits on his heels  
To take his meals,  
And his jaws go snicker-snicker,  
With the energy  
And velocity  
Of a Waterbury ticker.

Locusts he'll eat,  
But he's mighty sweet  
On corn, new-sown or reapit;  
And he'll loot your larder,  
If you've no warder,  
In the shape of a cat, to keep it.

He munches apples;  
With nuts he grapples;  
Likes carrots and beans and berries;  
His appetite  
Is cosmopolite,  
But he's extra fond of cherries.

His cheeks bulge out  
Till they're just about  
As tight as he well can pack 'em;  
Then off to his holt  
He makes a bolt,  
To digest his supplies, or stack 'em.

An inch away  
From his hole one day  
I laid a rind of bacon;  
He sat on a chunk  
Of wood, and wunk  
At me, if I'm not mistaken.

As soon as I'd gone  
To my chair, he was on  
The spot, to inspect this treasure;  
He nibbled a bit,  
And it seemed to fit;  
So he finished it at his leisure.

Would fish food vary  
His dietary—  
I wondered, and thought I'd try it;  
The head of a trout  
Resolved my doubt,  
For he passed disdainful by it.

For stale refuse  
He has no use—  
This clean-souled little rodent;  
Where a rat would thrive  
He couldn't live,  
And, for that matter, wouldn't.

You may call him names  
Such as fancy frames  
For imps; you may dub him rascal;  
But, whatsoever  
You call him, never  
Can you this imp an ass call.

For he's slick and cute  
Past all dispute,  
And he needs no inciting wallops;  
For he's never slow,  
But is on the go  
All day, and he mostly gallops.

Curled up in his keep,  
He spends in sleep  
The winter; but when spring's beauties  
Peep forth, he awakes,  
And promptly takes  
Up again his round of duties.



The little chipmunk  
Is never punk:  
Never a feckless slacker;  
He works for his food,  
Aye, and makes good,  
As nut-storer, and nut-cracker.



*Moon-Lighting in Mexico.*

---

The moon is full; the ducks are thick  
Upon the irrigated lands;  
He that would get them must be slick,  
And grasp his chance with both his hands.

He must be at them all the night;  
His downy pillow he must scorn;  
Must shoot them by the pale moonlight;  
Must follow them up from eve to morn.

This is no weakling's work; you'd best  
Be young; you must be hale and strong;  
For irrigated fields are just  
Swamps for the time—swamps broad and long.

It's tramping up, and tramping down,  
In companies of three or four;  
It's firing right into the brown,  
And chasing cripples by the score.

That is the game; by it you get  
A lot of ducks—at least you may;  
Not a bad proposition; yet  
For me—bed, single birds, and day.



### *Dogged.*

---

A most unscrupulous little sinner,  
Bearing a soft romantic name,  
Sheila, with naught of softness in her—  
Into our home and hearts she came.

Of bluest aristocratic blood,  
Bred of the stock they breed in Skye,  
Long-haired, short-legged, sharp-nosed, she stood  
Somewhere about six inches high.

Thoroughly spoilt, she had a hot  
Temper, and any amount of pride;  
Her tastes were dainty; she claimed and got  
The best of all that the house supplied.

She liked her comforts at night; she slept  
On her master's bed; I think one eye  
Was always open; thus she kept  
Watch over him and the family.

Once, thought to be delicate, she was clad  
In a jacket; she had no use for it;  
Tho' little more than a toy, she had  
A bulldog's pluck, and a bulldog's grit.

She'd a sense of sport in her soul all right,  
But limited in its range and scope;  
She had no sympathy of delight  
With the spaniel's joy, or the setter's hope.

In a sort of half-hearted way she'd run  
After rabbits; at times she would chivy cats;  
But, if you wanted to see some fun,  
You had only to mention the one word—"Rats."

One day we missed her; she didn't come  
To dinner—a most unwonted thing;  
She had followed the old rat-catcher home,  
We thought, to return when she'd had her fling.

She never came back again; we sought,  
But sought her vainly, everywhere,  
Till, all of a sudden, occurred a thought  
Of the moat—had somebody drowned her there—

Some tramp she'd bitten? She was, we knew,  
A trifle free with her teeth, if vext;  
So we drained the moat, and then the true  
Story came out—comment and text.

For three feet down we found her dead,  
Gripping a dead rat, thigh and shank—  
A rat whose shoulders, fore paws and head  
Were wedged in a hole in the root-bound bank.

She had chased the rat, when it made a bolt,  
To the moat's steep brink, to the depths below;  
She had caught it just as it gained its holt,  
And died with it rather than let it go.



*Vnitas Vnitatum Omnia Vnitas.*

---

She will not fall thro' the assault,  
As the first cause, of foreign foes—  
Old England; if she falls, God knows  
Her own, not theirs, will be the fault:

Her own, because that word of power,  
“Union is strength,” is lost upon her;  
And, deaf to calls and claims of honour,  
She dreams, tho' this is an evil hour.

What of her colonies—the young  
Nations who flocked to their mother's side  
In her time of need, and fought and died  
For her, when her fate in the balance hung?

How can they help, however leal,  
A land which suffers those to sway  
Her will, who fritter and fool away,  
By breaking union, her strength and weal?

England, awake! Awake to do  
The work that is yours; have done with lies;  
Have done with demagogues' sophistries;  
And be to yourself and your children true.

Gather them all, as your family,  
To share your counsels, to take their part  
In your world-matters; that so one heart,  
One spirit, may make you a Unity.

Five nations reckon you Mother-State;  
Give them a place in your Parliament;  
Seek their, as well as your own, content;  
And you shall be greatest among the great:

Great with the power that makes to cease  
All evil, that brings all good to birth;  
Great, as the salt of all the earth—  
Its salt of purity and of peace.



*Pax Parata.*

---

"Forewarned, forearmed," they say; but what  
If warnings fall on heedless ears---  
Ears deafened by a noisy lot  
Of fools, who dub precautions "fears."

Who mock at "fears," that they may preach  
License as glorious liberty---  
Freedom from every bond---and teach  
Rank irresponsibility?

Imperial interests, the claims  
Of colonies, the common weal---  
Such words to them are empty names:  
Appeals they simply cannot feel.

As for defence against attack  
By foreign foes---why, that would mean  
Class knit to class; and they would lack  
A job---a terrible thing, I ween.

So, as false prophets cried of yore,  
They cry, "Peace, Peace," and "All is well,"  
Tho' muttering sounds, foreboding war,  
Are rife, as 'ere Jerusalem fell.

O land, whatever land thou art,  
Prick all thy wind-bags; stop their bray;  
And lay this saving truth to heart---  
*Pacem si vis, bellum para.*







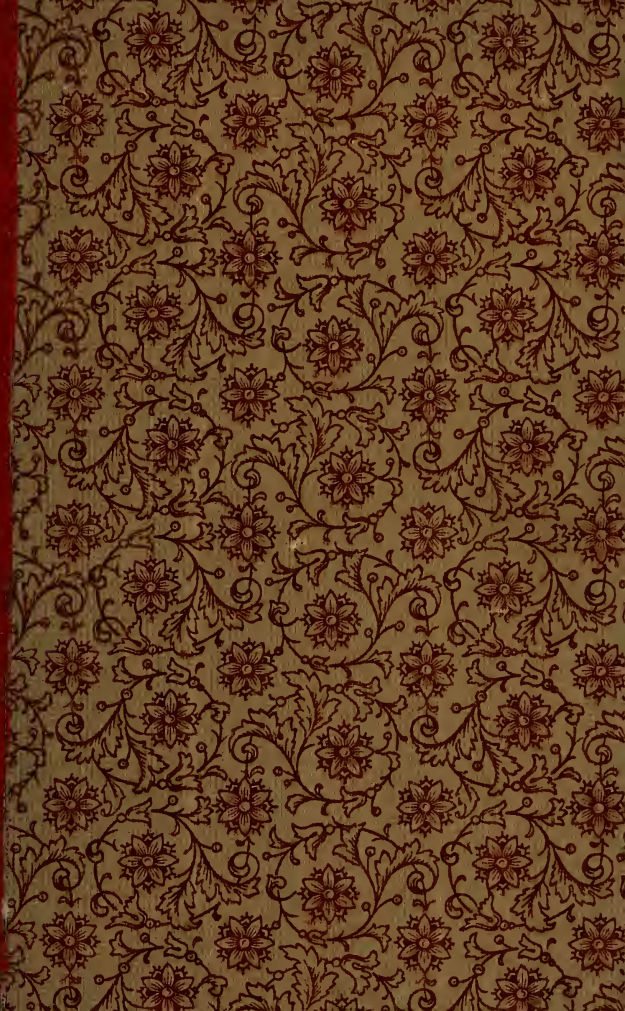












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 929 656 8